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MATTINS
AND OTHER POEMS

GEOFFREY HERBERT CRUMP

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MATTINS
AND OTHER POEMS

MATTINS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

GEOFFREY HERBERT CRUMP

(ESSEX REGIMENT)

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DEDICATION

TO MY WIFE

I HAVE not written that the world may claim
Another little poet for her own;
I sigh not for the favours of proud Fame—
Time burns the dross, and lets the gold be known;
My kindly Muse bears no ethereal name;
Art would ne'er buy my bread, though I had none;
My Mistress, Muse, and Motive are the same—
I sing my sonnets to one heart alone.

The best that Beauty could herself devise
From man's achievement—Plato's giant thought,
The love of Keats, Beethoven's harmonies,
And Athens, and the wonders Raphael wrought—
These, best of all the best, the world may prize;
My best is written, dearest, for your eyes.

HARDINGSTONE,
February 1918.

Some of these poems appeared in "More Songs by the Fighting Men," "The Saturday Westminster Gazette," and "The Cheltonian," to the editors of which the author is indebted for permission to include them in this book.

G. H. C.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Dedication : To My Wife . . . 9

To the Spirit of Beauty . . . 13

Love Triumphant 15

Sonnet : To "G. M." 17

To B., on Reading the Foregoing Sonnet 18

Three Sonnets 19

i. To B.

ii. To B. on her Wedding-day

iii. To B.

Rhapsody 22

Love and the Hills 26

Wind on Cleeve Hill 27

Near Puckham 28

Farewell to England 29

To B. 31

Sunset in the Indian Ocean . . 32

PAGE

Absence 34

Knowledge 36

God 38

Mattins 40

A Song of the Road 45

The Song of the Drummers . . 48

"Labor Omnia Vincit" . . . 51

Song: The Bee and the Rosebud . . 53

A Hymn for Intercession Sunday . . 55

Yesterday 57

TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY

I

I HAVE met Beauty, wandering alone
In open spaces, hidden from the gaze
Of those who look for her in chiselled stone,
Nor ever seek her in untrodden ways.
Hers are the harmonies of crowded sound
Tumbling and echoing up the empty aisle;
And hers the song of birds; she has been crowned
With roses; but the Mona Lisa's smile,
The breath of April breezes, the caress
Of women's lips, the scents of summer flowers,
The thought of God, all love, all nobleness
Are hers; and she, and all of these, are ours;
Beauty is God, to human sense displayed;
And God lives in the things that Beauty made.

II

When Beauty laughs among the daffodils,
Or brushes past me in the pine-woods' breath,
Or calls to me, so that my being thrills
With love and longing that can conquer death;
There's a sweet sadness in this sweet delight,
That mocks all fear of death, or pride of birth.

Such Beauty's but a lantern in the night,
A shadow of perfection on the earth.
This present discord of my human heart,
Straining to harmonise with Beauty's choir,
Death shall resolve, in heavenly counterpart
Tuned to the echo of my heart's desire.
Meanwhile, such dissonance delights the ear,
For discord's harsher when the notes are near.

III

Here, in this life, the Beautiful is ours,
Soft things to handle, noble things to see;
But, at the end, cold lips, and withered flowers,
Death and corruption waiting silently.
Beauty herself can never be revealed
To mortal eyes, nor touched by earthly hands;
Within this Beautiful there breathes, concealed,
A spirit that no mortal understands.
Death opens Heaven; then we'll realise
God in His fullness, Beauty as a Whole;
For sin is worship of the thing that dies,
And Hell the death of Beauty in the soul.
Beauty, incarnate in the human mind,
Shall dwell supernal in the soul refined.

HARLOW.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

I

If I could see your little face again
Between my hands; if I could close your eyes,
Brimming with love, yet eloquent of pain,
With kisses that would chase away your sighs;
If I could crush your trembling lips to mine,
Until the very rapture made you sob
With wonder, and your soft white arms would twine
Around my neck, and heart on heart would throb;
If I could murmur love into your ear,
And once more clasp you closely to my breast,
Bury my face deep in your fragrant hair,
Feel your warm breath upon my throat—the rest,
In life, and after life, would fade away;
For us, no morrow, and no yesterday.

II

For, in that moment, such a wealth of love
I'd pour into your being, that I'd make
Our happiness eternal, and above
Those earthly joys, that time and death can take,
The dull delights of virtue's dull rewards,
Love without passion, beauty without truth;

John's Heaven, Arcadia, and Elysian swards,
Dim, dreamers' visions ; the high hopes of youth.
What if these perish, leaving you and me
Alone together, with the world defied ?
Love knows no parting ; that can only be
In that dread, bitter hour when Love has died ;
We'd have no fear of pain, nor age, nor death—
Here's Love Triumphant, Love that's very breath !

BOMBAY.

SONNET

TO "G. M."

When sleepless nights drag out their weary round,
Or sadness dims the morrow with despair;
When I am lonely, and when all I've found
In life holds nothing noble, nothing fair;
I'll think of Thurlestone's cliffs and valleys, where
We made those rocks and rugged hills resound
With careless laughter, and a friendship rare
Sprang up from Fortune's dry, unfriendly ground.

Like a chance blend of colours in a mead
Of various flowers, some force there was that drew
And held us both together, though we grew
Apart and different as rose and weed.
Smile if you will; maybe you never knew . . .
Some day we'll meet again and prove it true!

Cornish Riviera Express.

TO B., ON READING THE FOREGOING SONNET

I WONDER, when you read those lines I wrote
To some one else, whether you smiled, and said,
"He's a true poet, then, for poet true
Was ever faithless lover." . . . Or if you
Grew angry, jealous for a love that's dead,
The love you'd killed yourself? Was there a note
Of sadness in your ready laugh of scorn?
Proud, curled lips, quivering to a smile forlorn?

Or did you guess the truth? I think you did;
You know your poet's love, your lover's ways,
The laughter and the friendships that are ours
To seek and pluck, 'til, like the jolly flowers
Of June, they wither in the winter days,
Leaving us with old longings that they hid.
And so I live and laugh; there's time for sorrow
When youth has left us to that lonely morrow.

HARLOW.

THREE SONNETS

I

TO B.

Though still the music of your voice is here,
And still your beauty tempts my closéd eyes,
I dare not yield, and open them; for there,
Where once you used to sing to me, there lies
A silent instrument, a dusty book. . . .
Full many an hour in rapture have I lain
And listened here—scarce venturing to look
At your sweet face! Knowing that all in vain
My soul cried out for love of you. What choice?
Hoping, to stay? Or, in despair to part?
Thus could I die—your beauty and your voice
Striving for sole possession of my heart.
No matter which the thief, my heart is thine;
Would I had two such thieves to make thine mine!

Harlow.

II

TO B. ON HER WEDDING-DAY

WHEN I would mould your charms in stately
verse,
And with fair words limn all your loveliness,
My silent Muse bids thoughts so high disperse—
'Twould call for powers no poet could possess.
Were I to tell my love in melodies
That could compel the music of the spheres
To stop, in whispering wonder—even these
Would make a paltry song for your sweet ears.
But, though I may not write, and cannot sing
Your beauty's wonder, nor my love's desire;
Though earth contains no gift that I may bring
Worthy your touch, yet will I not admire
Alone, and silent; soon shall your heart speak
The love your beauty taught my heart to
seek.

NORTHAMPTON.

III

TO B.

WHAT of the love your lover told to you,
The immeasurable yearning of the years
While you stayed proud ? Grows my heart cold
to you
Now that your favours have dismissed my tears ?
Fair is the apple-blossom in the Spring—
Dead in a month, but turned to richer fruit ;
Fair as the blossom is that fickle thing
We call desire ; possession absolute
Makes of dead want a joy of dearer kind.
This is my love ; what once I guessed, I know ;
The darling passion that we feared to find
Dulled by cold time, we see with time to grow.
True love is born of joy and not of weeping ;
What's best grows ever better with the
keeping.

HARDINGTSONE.

RHAPSODY

I SHALL not sleep to-night; your voice is ringing
Still in my tired ears, like the sweet sound
Of distant bells in summer time. . . . You're
singing
Those sad love-songs that you and I had found
In an old book. . . . Now you come near to me,
And, suddenly, your cool hand touches mine;
I look into those eyes, so dear to me,
Passion intoxicates my head like wine,
And I take you, hold you, kiss you, crush you,
Ere your sweet lips, parted in wonderment,
Have time to close; ere you can speak, I hush
you
With the long, ravenous kiss of love's content;
And life itself stands still, while we two stand
Breast to breast, mouth on mouth, hand clasping
hand. . . .
After that mad embrace, I hold you, sobbing
And trembling in my arms, until you throw
Your little head back, and, with pulses throbbing,
I look again into your eyes, and know. . . .

God, I am mad! My throbbing, aching brain
Is full of frenzied fantasies, and fired
With exquisite, unconquerable pain,
Pulsing with energy, but tired—ah, tired!

My head is humming, like a slow machine
Steadily driven by an endless belt,
Remorselessly revolving all I've seen
And heard to-night, and all the pain I've felt.
My body's weary too, but I forget
That I possess a body, for it seems
To need no food nor drink, to take no rest;
Yet it obeys my wandering mind's behest,
Though nights and days alike be spent in dreams,
Or with the visions that these dreams beget. . . .

What a night! I have lived a thousand hours
Since I stood in the dusk, and watched you coming
Down the green path; and even the tired flowers
Nodded their drowsy heads to your soft humming.
You looked like some cool dryad, with your gown
Of woody green, and little, twinkling feet—
I held my breath as you came dancing down
On the dewy grass, your brown hair, smelling sweet
As pine-wood's breath; your soft, bare arms and throat,
Like the pale moonlight, gleaming wondrously;
Your voice's liquid, low, melodious note,
Soft as a forest-brook.—You came to me
And took my hands in yours; then, "Oh!" you said,
"It's good to see you here!" . . . And still you stood,
Holding my hands; and still I stood, afraid
To answer you, lest I should loose the flood
Of blinding, shaking thoughts I dared not say.

Then, when you dropped my hands, the magic spell
That love had laid upon my lips gave way.
I mumbled, " Thank you . . . . Yes, you're looking well ! " . . .
We went indoors and sat in your small room ;
And now and then you smiled across to me,
Frowning a little, puzzling at the gloom
That turned my friendship to discourtesy.
I knew your dear thoughts, and I longed to tell you
All the mad love that burned like very fire
Through my whole body, how I could compel you
To love as I loved, to feed my desire
With yours. . . . And then, somehow, I came away,
Home, and to bed ; and up again, to rove
About the friendly hills, until the day
Was breaking over Battledown. I strove
To tire my body till exhaustion grew
My master, but my brain went pounding on,
As though it dared not stop to think of you.
I stumbled home, and sat, till night was gone ;
Wondering if this frenzy were a part
Of Love, or You—wondering if you were
Some dread immortal, who had snared my heart,
And damned my soul to infinite despair.
I saw your eyes grow cruel, your smile freeze,
While I pursued you over rocks and sands
And rivers, into mountains, deserts, seas,
Heart bursting, reason swaying, trembling hands
Outstretched to clasp you, stumbling on and on. . . .

Then I awoke, cold and tired out at last.
You're sleeping soundly now, and in two hours
We ride together—ride as in the past,
When we were friends ; when I could pluck you
flowers
With steady hand, and look you in the eyes. . . .
I'll sleep, and dream I look you in the eyes.

CHELTENHAM.

LOVE AND THE HILLS

I LEARNED my love in Gloucestershire,
Not far from Gloucester town,
Where great hills speak of deep desire,
And patiently look down
On those two cities of the plain,
Where men, with little minds
Live their small lives, get their small gain,
And die—after their kinds.

But peradventure ten there be
In those cities of the plain,
Whom Cotswold hills have taught to see
The rainbow through the rain;
So shall they live, and learn, as I
Have learned from Cotswold's range,
From those dear hills that never die,
Love that can never change.

Strongly they stand, that proud array
Of mighty, serried ranks,
Whom death denies, nor knows decay
Their calm and rugged banks.
And, while we live our blasphemy,
Damning the draught we drain,
We and our towns grow old and die,
Love and the hills remain.

COOPER'S HILL.

WIND ON CLEEVE HILL

AWAY, out of the town, over the friendly hills
Where the clean, wet wind blows steadily, and the clouds
Scurry away to the North on their glad, wild race through the air,
Tossing a wanton kiss to the frowning brow of the hill.

Out on those hills we will fight, you and I, with the wind we love,—
Fight with the dear, strong friend, who softly kisses our cheeks,
Shouting aloud our joy to the rollicking roar of the wind,
Silently shouting the love that is hidden away in our hearts.

CHELTENHAM.

NEAR PUCKHAM

I KNOW a place where Beauty's in the air,
Invisible, Intangible. . . .
A little hollow, out beyond the hill,
Stone walls, a few gaunt trees, and great, steep banks,
Rising away and up, it seems, until
They mingle with the ever-changing ranks
Of happy, hurrying clouds. Naught else is there;
No flowers, no gently murmuring stream, that sings
Its soft, sweet notes into the empty air—
Only rough stones, bare trees, and jolly smells of things.
I loved the place—for, as I stood to see,
I felt a kind of humour in the wind,
That seemed to whisper to each grim old tree
Something that made it laugh; so did I find
A hidden beauty in that barren place,
Like happy laughter on an old man's face.

CHELTENHAM.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

ENGLAND, if you will bid me go,
I'll go more gladly with the swallows ;
Let it be now—'tis better so—
For I can laugh at all that follows,
And lose, for you, my everything—
Now . . . 'twould be harder in the Spring!

Some will return, and some must die ;
If I may live, I'll live more gladly
For wrongs I've helped to rectify ;
If I must die, I'll not die sadly—
Death claims his toll—why should I live ?
What is my life for all you give ?

What are you, England ? Not a Name,
A Nation, People, nor a claim
To world-hegemony ; a State
Founded on laws inveterate ;
A Heritage, by Heaven intended
For those from Norman blood descended ;
A crowded land of artizans,
And shopkeepers, and publicans,
Of painted women, preaching prudes,
And scrambling, greedy multitudes ;
A land where Beauty has to flee
Before Respectability. . . .

None of these; England is to me
The things I hear, the things I see,
And know, and love, on her dear shores—
All that the Englishman ignores:
The eternal miracle of Spring,
An English summer heralding;
Our golden autumn-time, that stays
Till cosy, country winter-days;
The soft, south wind, that brings the rain;
The children's voices in the lane;
Clouds; open, wind-swept, heathery downs;
The exhilarating throb of towns;
And all the horses I have ridden,
And all the sorrows God has hidden;
Music, and laughter, tears, and health;
Wine, and sufficiency of wealth;
Woods, and long roads; and, most of all,
Our English hills; those whom I call
My friends; and one, more dear than friend—
A woman such as God will send
From time to time, that men may know
And love her, and so nobler grow.
These are my England; these I'll give.
For England, that she still may live.

HARLOW.

TO B.

When I sit silent on the swaying deck,
And drink in the soft splendour of the night,
The pale, proud moon, the sky, all cloud-afleck,
The silver balls of phosphorescent light
In the white foam, the davits curving black
Against the sky, the tall and stately mast,
Swinging from star to star—though these all lack
Nothing of beauty, perfect, pure, and vast,
'Tis nought to me, save that I may devise
That I do look again into your eyes.

Off St. Helena.

SUNSET IN THE INDIAN OCEAN

Like a vast forest on some distant plain,
Out in the west dark, rounded clouds lay low
Upon the sea ; o'er them the sunset's train,
The glories of the golden afterglow.

Gold, and then crimson, changing through degrees
Of red, and green, to fields of turquoise blue ;
Then darker blue, that challenges the seas
To deeper darkness, as the storm-clouds do.

Then, when the stars gleamed faintly, blushing red
At their own eagerness, and as this feast
Of beauty seemed complete, and day was dead,
I turned my face, and looked toward the East.

There I saw that which made me hold my breath.
I'd thought the sunset fair; now met my sight—
In perfect contrast, like the peace of death
After life's glare—the grandeur of the night.

In empty sky, still tinged with wondrous blue,
The full moon hung, displaying royally

Her cold and naked beauty, as she threw
A path of silver moonbeams on the sea.

God showed me then, that, if we learn to love
The beauties that He sends us in our day,
More lovely yet will night celestial prove—
The perfect calms of passions passed away.

INDIAN OCEAN.

ABSENCE

Tear-dimmed eyes my loved one lifted
When she said farewell to me;
Sweet grey eyes, where colours shifted
Like the shadows on the sea;
O'er the cliffs of Devon, keeping
Guard, like eyes, o'er Devon's mouth,
Sad, grey mists came stilly creeping,
Sorrow-laden, from the South.

Through the weary weight of sadness,
And the numbness of despair,
Came a thought that turned to gladness
Even the pain I could not bear.
Those proud cliffs were calling clearly,
As Drake heard them in his day,
"England knows you love her dearly,
Weeps to send you far away."

Neath this brazen, blazing heaven,
In a wilderness of sand,
Daily England's lives are given
For her newest, oldest land.
Does there come a dream, consoling
Those who die on foreign ground,
Of the sea-mists, slowly rolling
Homewards over Plymouth Sound?

Should I die, I'll see them drifting
  Through the mirage ere I go;
Maybe, if the mists are lifting,
  I'll see sunshine on the Hoe!
Should I live, when this is over,
  And we've done what is to do,
England, smile to greet your lover,
  When he hurries home to you!

BASRA.

KNOWLEDGE

(*With acknowledgments to Bacon's "Life"*)

Fools laugh at careful wisdom, and the wise
Folly despise;
Learning but serves the scholar to enhance
His ignorance;
Our knowledge is but guess-work; here, below
We cannot know.
If, then, the wise are fools, and discontent,
The fools are wise to live in merriment.

Love's sweetest raptures and delights exist
In love unkissed;
All we desire is only valueless
If we possess;
Our dearest wishes die, when we acquire
What we desire.
If joy lies thus in pleasures unfulfilled,
Who, but a fool, would have his passion killed?

Where'er we look, young ignorance is glad,
Wise age is sad;

Knowledge brought pain and sorrow, at her birth,
To this fair earth;
We were born fools; and wisdom cannot save
Us from the grave.
Who uses life to live, and not to learn,
Lives happy, and can die without concern.

HARLOW.

GOD

I WENT alone into the fields to-night,
And stood upon the hillside, where the oaks
Have stood and talked of God in the twilight
For centuries, and cracked their ancient jokes
  Over our heads. Those veterans know more
  Of God than we have learned with all our lore.

I pressed my cheek against an oak's rough bark,
And watched the sun drop down behind the hill;
Silence fell on the valley; the last lark
Was hushed; and suddenly the wind was still...
  A breath of air went rustling through the trees,
  And God passed by me in the sunset breeze.

A clock chimed in the village down below;
Some children shouted; and the blue smoke curled
Out of the cottage chimneys—'twas as though
There could be nothing ugly in the world.
  The lights gleamed from the houses in the wood;
  And God smiled, for He saw that it was good.

Then, as I laid my head upon the ground
And waited there for dark night's close embrace,
I heard, far off, a murmuring, rumbling sound,
As if the earth groaned at her own disgrace;
It trembled on the breeze, swelled, and then
died;
Again the branches rustled, and God sighed.

HARLOW.

MATTINS

A BRILLIANT summer morning, still and hot;
A day for flannels and a pipe, and not
For stuffy Sunday clothes, a long, dull walk,
And duller sermon, and the vapid talk
Of fellow-Christians, with souls replete,
Hurrying to fill their bodies with roast meat.
(Their worship's over; God's returned to
Heaven,
And stays there till next Sunday at eleven.) . . .
I had forgot 'twas Sunday; all this Beauty
Plays Hell with a respectable man's duty;
And, lying there beneath the chestnut trees,
Watching the busy buzzing of the bees,
Sniffing the little, cedar-scented breeze
That whisked invisible across the lawn
To kiss me—crimson ramblers, like the dawn
In mid-winter, mocking my lazy eyes—
I felt so full of joyous psalmodies,
I could have sung aloud my praise to God
There and then. (People would have thought
this odd
And sent round to inquire if I were ill,
Or wanted anything; so I kept still.) . . .
But, suddenly, as I lay dreaming there,
A burst of sound broke on the quiet air;

The bells flung out their headlong melody
In tumbling octaves; and, it seemed to me,
The air was filled with tiny, trembling notes,
The voices of the sunbeams' dancing motes.
My dreams were scattered; those bells made me feel
Their joyful, irresistible appeal. . . .
I wondered, too, if God could not be found
In better ways than lying on the ground
And dreaming of Him. . . .
So I fetched my coat,
Fastened a stiff, white collar round my throat,
Put sixpence in my pocket, brushed my hair,
Knocked out my pipe, wondered what hat to wear,
Wasted five minutes in a fruitless search
For a clean pair of gloves, and went to church.

There was a crowd of women with big hats
And jingling jewellery, and men with spats
And frock-coats, each the other's imitator,
All come to show respect to their Creator.
I stood and waited in the street outside
Until these worshippers had occupied
The pews they pay for, and the Sunday Schools
Had finished quarrelling about footstools;
And when, with swelling chords that shook the air,
The organist proclaimed that *he* was there,
Ushering in the choir with a "crescendo,"
The Vicar with polite "diminuendo,"
I slipped inside, and found an empty pew
Close to the door, out of the vulgar view. . . .

Often I'd knelt in that same place, alone,
When the Church was empty, and the drowsy drone
Of voices in the churchyard, or a bird,
Or a cart rattling by, were all I heard
Of the active world outside; and the cool air
And dim half-light, as I knelt wondering there,
Were eloquent of God; His presence filled
His sacred temple; and my body thrilled
With a strange ecstasy. . . .
But now the parson's dreary monotone
Went echoing wearily from stone to stone,
Submitting a stentorian request
For help from God to be supplied with haste.
The congregation emphasised the need
For their salvation to be wrought with speed,
And stood to hear the little choir-boys sing
The barbarous poems of a Hebrew king.
Then they sat down, to enjoy their well-earned slumbers
While some one read a chapter out of "Numbers." . . .

I could not find God there; this loud contrast
Silenced the humble witness of the past,
And sturdy Norman pillars, quiet as death,
Monuments of the half-forgotten faith
Of bygone centuries, stood sadly by,
Watching the faith they stood for slowly die. . . .
And so I left these folk to their devotions
(For each of us must follow his own notions
Of worship; for myself, I get no good
From such ecclesiastical emotions),
And took the footpath leading to the wood

Across the fields, determined to pursue
My eager quest for God, until I knew
That I had found some quiet, lonely place,
Where I could come and meet Him face to face,
Away from those respectable, dull people,
Singing their hymns down there beneath the steeple.
I wandered through the meadows, wondering
If God had taught the thrushes what to sing,
And if the elms, that whispered overhead,
Could tell me of Him; whether the wood-smoke said
Prayers to Heaven, as it curled away;
And what the little, bosky breezes say;
For all these lovely creatures seemed to know
The ways of God, and talk of Him, although
"The Lord Himself was not in the whirlwind,"
Nor in the fire; nor did Elijah find
God in his ravens, or his juniper.
Birds die, smoke vanishes, the forester
Cuts the trees down, or leaves them to decay;
God cannot live in these. . . .
I turned to go
Sorrowfully towards the town below;
No "still, small voice" relieved my admiration
(For this is not the age of revelation).
But when I saw the slate roofs, and the neat,
Respectable back-gardens, and the street
With its brick villas, suddenly I laughed;
I felt regenerate, as though I'd quaffed
Some life's elixir. Now, at last, I knew
The God I'd worshipped from the empty pew,

The God that called me in the bells that day,
And waited for me when I turned away. . . .

For God is Beauty, and He thus reveals
All that creeds kill, and bigotry conceals.

NORTHAMPTON.

A SONG OF THE ROAD

Give me life, and love, and laughter,
And a friend upon the road;
Then, whate'er may follow after,
I'm content to leave with God.

Health, and strength to do my duty,
Money to supply my needs;
A man's share of England's beauty,
And my bed among the reeds.

Wit, to see the silver lining
Through the dark cloud of despair;
Love, from earthy dross refining;
Sterling friendship, tried and rare.

I want no white hand to guide me
Through the babbling, gaudy throng;
Mine the friends who tramp beside me,
Greeting trouble with a song.

Rough their speech, and rough their manner,
But they speak my native tongue;
Long the march, and torn the banner,
Old the song, and rudely sung.

Let the road be gay or dreary,
So I tread it not alone;
On we go, nor sad, nor weary,
If the country be our own.

On, heads bent against the weather,
Plodding through the driving rain;
Singing merrily together,
Some exuberant refrain.

Voting who the biggest bore is,
Giving chaff for friendly chaff;
Cracking jokes and telling stories,
Till we have to stop to laugh.

Soon forgetting pain and sorrow,
Loves that we have left behind;
Cheered by promise of the morrow
Borne to us upon the wind.

On, through quiet hamlets basking
In the kindness of the sun;
On, through crowded cities asking
Help of no one, giving none.

Through tall woods, past murmuring rivers,
Over open, wind-swept downs,
Where the heathery, clean air quivers
With the throb of distant towns.

On, towards the road's dark ending
In the forest's mighty breast,
Where blue mountains beckon, blending
With the sunset in the west.

HARLOW.

THE SONG OF THE DRUMMERS

I

THE DRUMS: "We're coming, with a thunder o' the drums,
Like the banging and the booming o' the guns. . . ."

THE MEN: "Oh, give us a cheer,
A smile and a cheer,
We're going to fight in the trenches;
Come, give us a cheer,
But never a tear,
We're off to the War to-night!"

THE DRUMS: "Yes, give 'em a cheer,
A smile and a cheer,
The lads that are off to the trenches;
Come, give 'em a cheer,
But never a tear,
The boys that are off to fight."

They're going, with a thunder o' the drums,
To the banging and the booming o' the guns. . . .
Oh, the roll o' the drums when we go through London,
Clicking on the sticks when we troop through London,

Booming on the big drum,
Tapping on the little drums—Hark!
("Steady with the drum-sticks there!") . . .
We thump on the drums when we come through London,
Smashing on the drums when we swing through London,
Banging on the bass drum.
Rattling the kettle-drums—Hark!
"Crash" go the cymbals now!
Oh, the roaring and the clamour and the thunder and the hammer
Of the drums like the guns in France!"

II

THE DRUMS: "They're fighting in the thunder o' the guns,
In the banging and the booming o' the guns. . . ."

THE MEN: "Out here, in this hullabaloo,
We dream o' the drums' tattoo;
And we long for the day when we'll hear 'em play,
Drumming us home to you!"

THE DRUMS: "So think o' the lads you know,
When you hear the drums' tattoo;
And pray for the day when you'll hear us play,
Drumming 'em home to you!"

They're dreaming o' the thunder o' the drums,
In the banging and the booming o' the guns. . .

THE MEN : "*Oh the roll o' the drums when they go through London,*
The clicking o' the sticks when they troop through London,
Booming on the big drum,
Tapping on the little drums—Hark!
("*Steady with the drum-sticks there!*") . . .
Do they thump on the drums when they come through London,
Smashing on the drums when they swing through London,
Banging on the bass drum,
Rattling the kettle-drums?—Hark!
"*Crash!*"—*not the cymbals now!*
Oh, the roaring and the clamour and the thunder and the hammer
Of the guns like the London drums!"

HARLOW.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT"

TO THE BOYS OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE

STAMPED on your paper, engraved in your books,
Painted and plastered and carved on the wall,
Smiling sardonic, wherever one looks—
Does it mean anything to you at all?

Lift your eyes higher, and look at the crest . . .
A pedagogue's threat, of the time-honoured kind? . . .
"Work must come first, or——" we all know the rest!
(An epitome, this, of a schoolmaster's mind!)

Well, there is your motto, to make what you will;
There's truth in it too, though it's not wholly true;
Forgive the dull giver—there's good out of ill—
"Labor omnia vincit" means more than he knew!

Means more; and yet less than he meant it to do;
'Tis not "Labor omnia vincere potest";

Work's not an omnipotent good; we know, too,
That failure's most bitter when contest is hottest.

"It's a motto that's good for your every-day use;
But if it should fail (as it has failed before),
Don't turn on its author with scornful abuse—
There's another one: "Omnia vincit AMOR.'

OFF ST. HELENA.

SONG

THE BEE AND THE ROSEBUD

THERE came a bee to a rosebud,
Droning his dream of desire;
But she shook her small head in the wind, and said,
"Fly away, little bee, and admire
Lovely roses of red."
But he'ed come every day
To that rosebud, and say
"I'll love you for ever and ever and aye,
I'll love you for ever and aye!"

One day a red rose leaned over,
To beckon the thirsty bee;
And he turned aside—but his troth was tied,
And never a sip took he—
And the little bud cried:
"Oh, sorra the day
That I sent him away,
For he'ed love me for ever and ever and aye,
He'ed love me for ever and aye!"

So the bee went back to his rosebud,
To drone his dreams once more;

And he won her small heart with his blundering art,
And both of them solemnly swore
They never would part.
He wouldn't take "Nay,"
So he won the day—
And he loved her for ever and ever and aye,
He loved her for ever and aye.

NEW STREET STATION, BIRMINGHAM.

A HYMN FOR INTERCESSION SUNDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1918

ONCE more we are standing, by terror undaunted,
To pledge before God our unchangeable word;
To baffle the boast that our enemy flaunted,
And liberate Truth from the sway of the sword.

No cry of repentance for sins long forgotten,
No prayer for forgiveness for what we do now;
The tree must be felled if the branches be rotten,
"No man looketh back with his hand to the plough."

No whispers of ease, while sheer hatred is raging,
Peace, when there is no peace, Love, while there is war;
No mercy, no rest in the war that we're waging
That murdering madmen may murder no more.

Not to conquer a country, nor wipe out a nation
For England's enlargement, we offer our youth;
We pit all our might to arrest devastation,
And crush the defilers of Beauty and Truth.

Not man against man, for ourselves, our possessions,
Protest we our service, our souls, and our cause;

But might against might, against crimes and aggressions
We battle for peace with the makers of wars.

"God is dead," said the German who slowly lay dying,
"Or Germany doomed"; and he cursed her, and died.
"God is living," the lips of our people are crying;
"*And* Germany doomed," we may answer beside.

HARDINGSTONE,
January 5th, 1918.

YESTERDAY

A COLD, curt telegram, and all is done;
Eight little weeks the sum of all the bliss
We waited years for: all the joy we'd won
Out of despair, turned misery for this—
This game of governments and greedy kings.
Love is a gift no sorrow can remove,
But all the little dear, familiar things,
Looks, and unspoken words, that made our love
Secure and deathless, feed this throbbing ache:
We who won all, lose most; for little lovers
Know little sorrow; cold hearts cannot break,
And none can lose the love he ne'er discovers.

So I thought yesterday, and cursed the fate
That parted us, while others lived, unhurt,
Their dull, unlovely lives; unreasoning hate
Of England filled me, of her pride, her dirt,
Of all the placid, comfortable fools
Who talk, and talk, when they might love as I
Who go to fight for the poor, stupid rules
That they call "liberty"—that sirens' cry
Which wrecks more ships of state than all their shells.
"Why fight for these?" I said; and so I went

Cursing, to sleep. I dreamed of heathery fells
And windy moors, and all that England meant
To both of us who loved her; and I learned,
How love is championed, and life is earned.

HARDINGSTONE.

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